



**OFFICE OF THE STATE'S ATTORNEY
COOK COUNTY, ILLINOIS**

**ANITA ALVAREZ
STATE'S ATTORNEY**

**VICTIM WITNESS ASSISTANCE PROGRAM
2650 S. California Ave. 81 level
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60608
FAX(773) 869-2838**

PEOPLE VS : Prince Watson

CASE NO: 11CR-14650

CHARGE: Murder

JUDGE: James Linn

SENTENCING DATE: March 13, 2013

NAME OF VICTIM: Sally Katona-Kling

STATEMENT OF: Kimberly Katona

RELATIONSHIP TO VICTIM: Daughter

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT

I certify that the information contained in this statement is true to the best of my knowledge.

SIGNATURE:

Kimberly J. Katona

Anyone who knew my mother throughout the years couldn't say she had an easy life. In fact, she had a very hard life, but she had a good life. As contradictory as the statement seems, it is true. She was a genuine, creative spirit who not only managed to survive, but she made her life good, despite the adversities.

As a child, my mother often went to bed hungry because my grandparents were very poor as a result of my grandfather's alcoholism. She was a sexual assault victim at eight years old, and had to identify the man who pulled her into the gangway and violated her. She was also a polio survivor, who was determined not to be stuck in bed, and she dragged herself around until her legs started working right again. Married at 18, her marriage to my father did not work out. They divorced when I was a toddler. She remarried and my stepfather was shot to death during an armed robbery. She was 29 years old and left to raise three children on her own. The next couple years were very difficult, both financially and emotionally. It is the only time I can remember my mother succumbing to severe depression.

If you met my mother, you would never guess the turmoil of her early years. She was cheerful, friendly, energetic, and above all else, very generous. She always had a helping hand to lend, even in our tough years, and had an extra plate of food for anyone who stopped by her home. She dedicated herself to many charities helping the downtrodden, and was especially concerned about the plight of hunger in this country. She cooked meals for the poor and homeless at her church. She always made people feel so welcome that some of the homeless men who came for the Sunday meals began attending her church regularly. She participated in the Chicago Crop Hunger Walk, working with a group of girl scouts to raise funds. She was very active in the community, attended ward meetings, and organized the annual national Lutheran Synod meeting in Chicago.

At her funeral, an assistant pastor talked about an incident at the church's Sunday meal that really conveys my mother's dedication and heart to the community. One of the attendees to the Sunday meal suffered from mental illness, as many of our homeless and transient do. He had stopped taking his medication, and during the church meal he entered into a psychotic state. He began talking and acting very violently. The church called 911, as they could not calm him down and he was a danger to himself and others. While they were waiting for emergency services to arrive, trying to talk him down and moving further away from him, my mother stepped through and walked right up to the man. She put her hand on his shoulder and told him that he was going to be all right, that people were coming to help him, that she loved him and was looking forward to his return once he was better again. My mother's gesture calmed the man down until police arrived.

She was also very creative and fun. My mother sketched, wrote poetry, and made ornaments and decorations. She loved to sing and dance, often dancing around the kitchen as she cooked. She was a self-taught baker and cake decorator, having saved green stamps for her first set of supplies. She became known as the cake lady, and even designed wedding cakes for people she knew. She loved to host gatherings,

always inviting those who couldn't be with their families for the holidays. She made the holidays very special for everyone who knew her, especially children.

The year 2011 was going to be a very important year, marking many milestones in our family. We were all looking forward to so many things: My nephew's first communion, a new baby on the way, my cousin's wedding, and celebrating my brother's 40th, sister's 50th, and uncle's 60th birthdays. My mother was especially looking forward to all of these events, and had begun planning and organizing early in the year. She did not get to celebrate a single one of them. Her life was taken away because one young man valued the price of a stolen iPhone far more than respect, safety, and life.

That wonderful year we were going to have became the worst year of our lives, and every event was accompanied by profound grief, shock, and loss. We were forced to accept the unacceptable fact that my dear mother was killed by violence. It was an act that was completely contrary to the principals she lived by and had taught us when we were young.

It is almost two years since my mother died, and I am still grieving. Not a day goes by that I don't think of her. I am still haunted by the way she looked when she was dying. My beautiful mother lay in the hospital, battered and bruised, her hair soaked in blood. The cerebral bleeding was so bad that blood flowed out of eyes like tears. I have to live with that image for the rest of my life, and am crying and shaking even now as I try to write this.

For months I had panic attacks, with chest pains, dizziness, nausea, and difficulty breathing. It felt as if I was having a heart attack, and I really didn't care if I died. I couldn't sleep at night, and when I did, I had nightmares about the way my mother died. Sometimes, in my dreams I would see her falling down those stairs, and I would desperately try to catch her to save her, always failing to do so. Other times, I would be the one falling, feeling a person shove me so hard that I could not brake the fall.

What I find most disturbing, is that during those months that I was experiencing this, Prince Watson continued robbing people at CTA stations, endangering their safety, knowing that my mother had died from his actions. His behavior was not affected at all by the fact that he had killed a woman. It is an insult to my mother's memory and to my family that I will never get over.



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PEOPLE VS : Prince Watson
CASE NO: IICR-14650
CHARGE: Murder
JUDGE: James Linn
SENTENCING DATE: March 13, 2013
NAME OF VICTIM: Sally Katona-King
STATEMENT OF: Eileen Katona
RELATIONSHIP TO VICTIM: Daughter

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT

I certify that the information contained in this statement is true to the best of my knowledge.

SIGNATURE:

Eileen Katona

VICTIM IMPACT STATEMENT

I am going to try to write down some of my feelings and thoughts in the best way I can. This is a difficult task and I am sorry if this is too long.

~~It was all like a nightmare when I received a call to get~~
to the hospital right away, and then to see my mom lying there and being told there was nothing they could do for her. My sister went for counseling; my son, Laszlo, who is 9 years old, had some counseling through school; I had some through church. My son's and my routine has changed quite a bit as my mom was a big part of our life. She helped me tremendously; sometimes picking up Laszlo from school to take him to activities while I was at work. She also helped pay for some of these activities. She also helped pay for and shopped for some of Laszlo's clothes. Laszlo no longer goes to swim class, Tai Kwon Do or for piano lessons. During the summer she would pick him up from Summer Camp and they would meet me at work and we would walk over to Summer Dance, which is too difficult now. I no longer have the convenience of time to myself and to go out with friends as often because I don't have her to help out with Laszlo. I have had some dizzy spells, major trouble sleeping and some digestive issues.

When she was first killed I was supposed to upgrade my real estate license to Broker, but could not do it because I had

difficulty remembering what happened yesterday, so there was no way I could take classes and exams. Therefore I had to let my real estate license expire.

During the first year after her death I unfortunately took a lot of my anger out on my son, Laszlo. I yelled at him quite a bit. I realized this and we talked about it. I have been working on this issue the most. Laszlo had difficulty completing his homework and some of his tasks, which I believe had a lot to do with the death of my mom. I am grateful that we are both doing much better this year. Laszlo is afraid of teenagers now, especially black teenagers.

My brother, David, started drinking excessively and who knows what else. He ended up not paying the rent where he and my mom lived, and became homeless for a while. He still has a tremendous amount of anger inside him. It is just awful because now both of his parents were murdered. My sister Kim, had quite a bit of anger also, and she has lost a lot of weight. My mom's siblings and their children have also had a lot emotional trouble from what happened. My mom kept the family together. She always made every holiday enjoyable and cooked some great meals. Things will never be the same. My mother's friends have also had major emotional problems because of what happened to her. Life is just more difficult now. She helped in so many ways and she helped so many people.

My mother had a hard life. She grew up very poor. She went to bed hungry just about every night, but she never robbed anyone or killed anyone. She was also a very forgiving person, so I am working on forgiving this guy. Had she met him and his family she probably would have helped them out in any way she could. She probably would have fed them occasionally; like she did for everyone.

I realize that this guy didn't mean to kill my mom, but he did, and he needs to suffer the consequences from his actions. It really bothers me after knowing what he did to my mom that he kept committing crimes. This is what makes me feel that he is very dangerous because his actions make it seem that he had no remorse for what he had done. It appears that whatever remorse he may have now is because he realizes that he screwed up his own life. Had he turned himself in I would feel differently, but the fact that he didn't care and kept committing these crimes really bothers me.

I feel for his grandma and pray for her because I know that if one of the kids I helped raise did something like this that I would be heartbroken. Your adult life really starts beginning around the age of 17, and this guy not only ruined my mom's life and brought grief and emotional turmoil to our family, but he ruined his own life and brought grief and emotional turmoil to his own family.